

## VALUE OF THREATS.

HOW DESIGNING PERSONS TAKE A MEAN ADVANTAGE.

Wives Are Frequently Teraized by Their Husbands. While Scoundrels and Wayward Brothers Use Their Positions to Extort Money.

The threat as a weapon of social warfare has not yet been given its truly important place. The smartest persons are inclined to regard the threat as the outcome of a vain and feeble mind and are prompted to laugh when the villain cries "Beware!" Much as we may despise the threat, yet it is indubitable that more people are influenced and made to do what is against their wishes by this means than by actual violence.

The threat wielder is naturally puny, proportioned, mentally and physically, and exercises his power most effectively in the woman's world. Women more than men have reason to dread the threat, for man can either afford to run the dangers or proceed to immediate punishment. The woman is defenseless, and though she would frequently like to proceed to extreme, yet traditional convention keeps her within bounds. Threats are so varied that it would require a large volume to describe them all, but we will speak of the more common.

The dissatisfied son is well known to society. He greedily seizes every occasion to drag his name through the mire and besmirch the family. He is frequently remonstrated with, prayers, tears, exhortations are in vain. Then comes the last injunction, "If you persist in this course I will disinheritor you." "Go ahead," replies the young scoundrel, "you cut off my supplies, and I'll disgrace the whole family."

One threat is sufficient to procure the means for his vile wants, and the household lives in abject terror lest the threat wielder put into execution his promise of further tortures. It is not only bad sons who exercise this baleful system of money getting; it is as freely employed by bad brothers and husbands.

The pleasant and affectionate brother is probably now reading the society columns of the daily and weekly papers with the utmost care. His drunken comrades once twitted him about his "craze."

"Well," said the unblushing scoundrel, "I've seen, I have a sister who's so good way up, and when I find she's going to give a party to the night, I drop her a line and say I'm coming. It fetches the stuff, it does." This heartless scheme to filch from her money to cover her disgrace found a peculiar charm for the besotted minds of his companions. The threat was more potent than the performance, for if the good lady had had the moral courage to send for an officer and declare the fellow a lunatic she would have been saved from his now never-ending persecution.

How many women suffer from the threat of their devoted husbands? And how many wives save themselves to death through threats from their spouses? The threat cannot be successfully wielded by men whose mentality lacks intuition. To a man whose intuitions are good, and who reads human nature easily, the threat is a powerful weapon. It really requires a man who can analyze emotion and passion to reach the acme of perfection as a threat wielder. The vulgar threatener loses his charm, but the accomplished villain can so torture his victim or victims that the pangs endured by the patrons of the auto de fe were exquisite pleasures in comparison.

Apparently the kindest and most subservient husbands can, by judicious handling of the threat, drive their wives almost to desperation at a social function, and more but the know of the secret punishment. To employ the threat so that it peters every fiber of your victim's body the tenderest points in your opponent's armor must be known. That once being discovered it is marvelous what ramifications the threat can take. The nearest glance can become a threat, and the person is completely under the glamour of this delicate inquisition as the diminutive mouse in the claws of a powerful cat.

The most successful threat is not to the woman herself, for a woman's patience and pluck under such circumstances can be provokingly humiliating, and there is no man who feels exactly a lien when the person he has sworn to honor and protect will regard him with humil eyes and meekly say, "As you like, dearest."

Women, as a general rule, love martyrdom, and there are some so peculiarly constituted as to derive the severest enjoyment from the contemplation that their lives would be harboring in their minds some hidden schemes of vengeance against them. But where this would fall the threat of the amiable individual to do something to himself would be eminently successful. Women above all things feel disgrace, and the anguish at the loss of an amiable husband by being hit over the head with a bludgeon is trivial when compared to the sorrow for the manner of his death. It would not be for the slight of her husband's soul the tears were shed, but for the disgraceful circumstances attending the departure. The fact that it was not a respectable demise for which she could be properly commended would be the only bitter reminiscence of her sweet widowhood.—San Francisco Chronicle.

**Fun for the Monkey.**  
A pet monkey was sitting in my grandmother's drawing room when a lady came in and sat down. The monkey, after watching her for some time from the back of the chair upon which he was perched, snatched the visitor's bonnet from her head, put it on his own, and defied all attempts to catch him and rescue the bonnet. At last, the lady, the window being open, he leaped out upon the lamp-post, and there sat, as if the delight of the passersby, looking as blue as blue must have looked when, years after, he appeared on the field of Waterloo in an old lady's bonnet.—London Spectator.

**A Castle Letter from Tennessee.**  
One of Tennessee's last letters was to Mr. William Watson, who had written in The Spectator some lines on Lord Tennyson's "Foresters," which ran:  
Far be the hour when these bones shall rest  
The laurel grows from that stony seat.  
"If," wrote the laureate to Mr. Watson, "my 'wistful' half you allude to a tree whose leaves are half green you are right; but if you mean 'white' you are wrong; for I never had a gray hair on my head."—New York Tribune.

James G. and family of Sedalia, Mo., ate sardines and were poisoned. They will recover.

## IN THE SHADOWS.

As the shadows filled the room with peace,  
We spoke of our absent friends;  
How some were dead and some were sped  
To the faraway earth mids.

And by some magic of yearning hearts,  
The lost seemed warm and near;  
Yes, loved so much we could almost touch  
Their hands and feel them here.

And when the lamps were lit, and speech  
Waxed merrier, yet the place  
Felt strangely bare, and each one there  
Missed some beloved face.  
—Richard Burton in Harper's Weekly.

### New York's Women Authors.

Among the exhibits presented at Chicago by the women managers will be a compilation of the names of all the women authors who are natives of New York state or hold residence therein. The list already embraces over 300 authors of either books, articles or pamphlets of acknowledged merit. In the list thus far collected are to be found the names of Mrs. Isabella Macdonald Alden (Pansy), Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames, Mrs. Amelia Barr, Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake, Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, Susan Fenimore Cooper, Mrs. Croly (Jenny Juno), Mary E. Mary Doyle, Mary J. Holmes, Mrs. Sarah Jane Lippincott, Mrs. Anna Katherine Green Rohlf, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan Warner, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mrs. Julia Wright, Eliza Ann Yomans and more equally familiar names.—Albany Letter.

### Moore's Greatest Poem.

"Lalla Rookh" was read universally and translated into several European languages. The poem has no lofty Miltonic flights—no hall of Ellys reaching the height of the sublime—but it is calculated to suit the taste of every order of the mind. Young and old, educated and uneducated, comprehend its luxuriant imagery, sweet passages, fascinating descriptions and gorgeous voluptuousness; hence the uncommon popularity of the poem. Those who have hearts for the deeper things of humanity—what enjoyments come not from external color, orient hues and Arabian purple? will prefer the heart which is shown in many of Moore's other productions.—Westminster Review.

### Apples as Medicine.

Chemically, the apple is composed of vegetable fiber, albumen, sugar, gum, chlorophyll, malic acid, gallic acid, lime and much water. Furthermore, the German analysts say that the apple contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. The phosphorus is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter, health of the brain and spinal chord. It is perhaps for the same reason, rudely understood, that old Scandinavian traditions represent the apple as the food of the gods, who, when they felt themselves to be growing feeble and infirm, resorted to this fruit for renewing their powers of mind and body.—Medical Age.

### Why They Wouldn't Cash It.

A well known broker presented one of John Jacob Astor's checks at a down town bank the other day and was surprised beyond measure when the paying teller refused to cash it, remarking with a significant smile: "That man's checks are no good here. He gives us more trouble than all our depositors put together. We won't touch it."  
"What?" exclaimed the broker, "won't cash that check? Why, man alive, I've known who Mr. Astor is! Great!"  
"Hold on," interposed the teller; "the check isn't signed. We get in that way every day. They are the most troublesome of all our depositors." But the broker had fled.—New York Times.

### A Clergyman Coddler.

An old fashioned Yorkshire Baptist preached every Sunday for fifty years, and repaired twice throughout the week. The good man, who knew his Bible by heart, studied Jonathan Edwards, Mr. Henry and Dwight, and paid his way. Some of his brethren sneered, and respectable persons turned up their noses at his leather apron, but the common people heard the old man so gladly that he did more real good than did many a pulpit thunderer attired in the bravery of gown and bands. He was one who knew how to make the best of both worlds, and at his death left his widow a house and money in the bank.—National Review.

### All for Five Cents.

A steam knife grinder is one of the odd concerns of the French quarter. The main business of the place is the sharpening of tools, and the manufacture of the small instrument with which screw threads are cut, but you may step in, hand out your pocket-knife to be ground, and have the satisfaction of seeing a 4-horsepower steam engine started to perform a service at the price of five cents.—New York Sun.

### Why the Hare Grows Gray.

As to the hair growing gray, it results in the majority of cases from the partial closing of the hair cells and the reduction of the quantity of natural coloring matter which the coloring produces.—Albany Express.

During the reign of Henry III of France the dublets of men and bodices of the women were so extravagant that a contemporary declared the former looked like bees, the latter like wasps.

At Baku, Russia, there is an immense oil well that "ebbs and flows" with the same regularity as do the ocean tides. It is believed to have some mysterious connection with the sea.

Let a boy take note of this in the outset of life. If he would make friends or followers he must go beneath the politician, the tradesman, the logician, and find the man under all.

On foggy winter days English railways employ thousands of extra hands to place detonating signals on the rails. The ordinary semaphores being invisible.

It would seem that nearly a quarter of all cases of insanity are hereditary, and animals are not free from this visitation.

### Four Methods of Preserving.

Of the four principal manners of preserving food in use today drying and curing (the latter term including salting, smoking and antiseptic processes) are not modern, while tinning and freezing are entirely new. Tinning dates nominally from 1801, when Appert made the first attempts at inclosing food in hermetically closed boxes, but a long course of trials and improvements had to be gone through before the excellence of today was obtained. Dried vegetables were introduced by Chollat in 1845, but the products of that period were miserable in comparison with those turned out now.—Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE WAY TO GO SIGHTSEEING.

An Old Philosopher Gives the Benefit of His Experience.

For sightseeing I will lay down two or three rules which have guided me more and more in my habits of traveling, and for which I think there is good foundation:

If you will stay two or three days in one place you will get that sort of affection for it and knowledge of its interior life, if one may use so large a phrase, which makes you always remember it with pleasure. If, on the other hand, you should spend the same three days in going to three different places you will get of each of them only the advantage of dropping your anchor and pulling it up again, only the little trials which necessarily belong to the first hours in an inn or a lodging house, and before these little annoyances are well over you have gone on your way again.

My experience is that I have very little recollection of any sort of places where I have simply spent a night or a part of a day, and that for filling up that great chasm of experience and memory the maintenance of it is always desirable to remain for a little while where you are well off, that you may become acquainted not simply with the circumstances, but with the real character of what is in a certain way may thus make a home.

I hold that the man must travel with the mere idea of being amused. He has no right to walk into a town or an inn and say to the first person he meets there, "Come and amuse me; show me what there is which is entertaining." Wherever a man goes he should carry certain tastes of his own, should have certain objects which interest him in life, and he should inquire with regard to those objects, as this particular place may have an answer to give to his inquiries.

And this I say with a good deal of hesitation. I know nothing in the mere crossing of the water which should change all into critics of fine art. I am always a little amazed when I go by chance into a picture gallery in Paris, in Brussels, or in Antwerp, to find there some well to do Americans whom I never should by any accident have found in the academy at New York or the art gallery in Boston. I cannot see why we should all be compelled to see paintings in Europe, and in every city in Europe, when at home we do not consider the examination of paintings to be our principal and especial business. I like to see a good picture, I think, as much as anybody does. But I cannot understand why the profession of a traveler and that of a connoisseur in art should be considered, as certainly they are considered, as being very much the same thing. So I do not believe, as I say, that a person gains qualifications for an art critic by the accident of his crossing the ocean.

To young travelers I am forever saying, "Keep scrapbooks." They are even better than journals, by which I mean, preserve little queer bits of printed information which will drift into your hands every day, and which in after years will have a value from association which of course does not attach to them, and by the same token whatever is written at this moment has a fresh afterglow which no recollection brought out by rainy days can rival. Here is the advantage of a fountain pen or a half dozen sharpened pencils, of which you cannot very easily lose all. Your journal may be no sort of use to anybody else, but it will always be of value to yourself.—Edward Everett Hale in Boston Commonwealth.

### Judge Not Too Quickly.

A mother whose temper is impulsive should never trust her first hasty judgment in the management of her little ones.

In the larger affairs of the neighborhood and of society the prudent person refuses to believe in the goodness of the benefit of the deed wherever and whenever and to whomsoever he can. People have a right to ask that before they are weighed in the balances and found wanting their cases shall be looked at from all sides and from the most favorable point of view. It is not well to assume that blood and downy cheeks and eyes always indicate guilt. Innocence falsely accused is often ashamed to look its accuser in the face. Judge not, that ye be not judged, was said by the pure lips that ever spoke on earth.

### The Man or Woman whose Habit it is

to indulge in snap judgments of any kind is necessary narrow and undeveloped.—Harper's Bazar.

### Rainfall in Australia.

Australia seems to have had an unusual rainfall this year, though it does not equal that of 1890, when, according to a report just issued by the government meteorologist, New South Wales, the average for the whole colony was 82.75 inches, or 32.6 per cent. greater than the average of the sixteen preceding years. Forests do not seem to have aided in cloud precipitation, for while a densely timbered region the amount was 33.80 inches, the mean of nine of the poorest stations in an open country was 38.92 inches.

Elevation, however, has a marked influence on rainfall. At Wallagong, half a mile from the sea, at an elevation of sixty-seven feet, 38.84 inches fell, while at Cordoba river, six miles from the sea, it was 35.53 inches.—Mediterranean Naturalist.

### He Played Second Fiddle at Home.

Strong Minded Fiddle (to a relative, who has called on her)—My husband has now got a position in the orchestra. He plays first fiddle.

"You bet he doesn't play first fiddle at home."

"That's what I thought."—Texas Siftings.

### Not Much Advantage.

Little Dot—Teacher says that rubber trees grow wild in Florida.

Little Dick—Sposes they do. No one ever thinks 'bout rubbers till it rains, and then it's too wet to go into the woods.—Good News.

### Early Mental Development.

Both common observation and the closest scientific study have made it plain that youth is the period of greatest ascendancy. From this most important conclusion follow, which we cannot ignore without paying a heavy penalty. Attention has been called to the infant in order to show that, prior to the school education, nature asserts herself and points the way in which the human brain and mind develop. Any education that overlooks these facts is directly against the organization we possess, and must be more or less of a failure.—Wesley Mills, M. D., in Popular Science Monthly.

## LOVE'S VICTORY.

When I am dead, dear love, if thou should'st feel  
That loneliness too hard a load to bear,  
And that another could be found to share  
With gentle tenderness and loving care,  
My spirit hovering near thee would not shrink  
From should'st thou smile on a beloved bride—  
When I am dead!

I only ask she be not like to me,  
As I was dark, let her be fresh and free,  
Instead of brown locks waving wild and free,  
Close to her head coil round the golden hair,  
And may she never at last, grand and tall,  
I shall not mind that I was frail and small—  
When I am dead!

So that she come not nestling to thy side,  
Nor climb up to the level of thy heart,  
And lavish kisses without stint or pride,  
Or hug sweet pity for some pain or smart,  
As I was weak—nor Love's expression crave  
To be, as I, Love's gladly fettered slave—  
When I am dead!

May, love her as thou wilt, and as she will,  
With fullest need, and with a conscience clear,  
E'en though thy memory hold my memory  
In quiet corner garnered, close and dear.  
If a true heart should give love of its best,  
As I did once, I shall be happier rest—  
When I am dead!

—Anne Patchett Martin in Temple Bar.

### Drinking from the Loving Cup.

Every prosperous city has its loving cup, but how many of the guests who see it gracing the banquet know its origin or the graceful ceremonial which should be observed in drinking from it? The cup should have two handles and a guest at the table begins. The guest takes it by both handles, and standing turns to the person nearest, who also stands, and both bow. Then, while the second guest removes the lid, the first one drinks, and with another bow passes the cup to his neighbor, who replaces the lid and presents it in turn to the next guest, and so the ceremony is repeated.

In the old days of chivalry and of trenchery, as a man while drinking from the two handled cup was practically defenseless, his companion was required to remove the cover with his sword hand that he might not take advantage of the other. It is a very pretty ceremony which gracefully performed.—New York Sun.

### In Hawarden Castle.

The Rev. Henry Drew was an amiable and congenial guide to the many objects of engrossing interest in Hawarden castle. Before leaving the drawing room that he had just seen on many occasions and souvenirs of the life still in such wonderful preservation. The room is a large light room, looking on to the grounds. Every nook and corner of it has some token of love or admiration from worshippers of the great man who inhabits this retreat. These were from all quarters—India, Ireland, America and England.

Here is a large embossed silver cylinder, containing tapestry from India, and there lying alongside a great book of photographs stamped "Roma," is an immense beautifully bound album containing nothing but the names of Italian students. The bright face of Lord Rosebery looks out on you from a large oval frame surmounted with the letter "R," while the accented countenance of John Morley is not absent.—Pall Mall Gazette.

### Vampires in Guinea.

When the West Indies were first discovered the dogs were put on some of the islands; these in time increased wonderfully, so as to become vast herds, affording a supply of fresh meat to the mariner sick of the scurvy. In Guinea, however, these animals never became common, but on the contrary required the greatest of care to preserve them from the vampires. Domestic animals, like man, sleep at night, and here the bats have the advantage of grain, while the wild quadrupeds of the forest range and feed at the same time as their sanguinary enemy. Hence it has followed that peccaries roam securely and are quite free from the vampires, while their domesticated consorts must be housed and caged.—Longman's Magazine.

### Shocked Over the Wire.

The Voice from the Telephone—I wish you'd cut off the heads of one Mrs. Hobson Hobbs, one Mrs. Sarah Jones, two Alphonsus Hardys and a Peter Pinkerton, and send them to my house this evening in time for dinner.

The Voice at the Transmitter—Great guns! What?

The Voice from the Telephone—Oh, excuse me. I've got the wrong number. Thought you were Grubby, the chrysanthemum grower.—Chicago News-Record.

### Had Heard of Bishop Brooks.

On the afternoon when Bishop Brooks talked to the Young Men's Christian association an usher in the building said to a deputy, "I am glad Mr. Brooks is going to speak to us this afternoon, for I have heard him very well spoken of as a preacher."—New York Tribune.

Air guns were first made by Guhr, in Germany, in 1856, and the invention is now accredited to Shaw, of America, in 1845.

One hundred and two kernels of grain, it is said, have been counted in one head of wheat grown near Cheney, Wash.

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## A Rapid Run.

The Republican papers pretend to be deeply indignant over the assembly reapportionment, and yet they say that the Republicans will surely carry the next assembly in face of the fact that last year the Democrats carried the state by nearly 50,000 majority, and in spite of the fact that the Republicans have carried the state for governor but once in twenty years!—Buffalo Courier.

## An Unavoidable Inference.

The Republican papers now declare that no responsible utterance of the Republican party in 1890 ever promised better wages to the workmen by the McKinley legislation. The inference must be that the Republicans confess that wages are not and cannot be expected to be favorable to the laborer.—Buffalo Evening Times.

A large cave was recently discovered in Montana which contained the bones of hundreds of animals that had fallen into it and were unable to escape.

## A Vase for the Queen.

A very beautiful Venetian glass vase has been manufactured by the artists engaged at Dr. Salvetti's furnace at Olympia for presentation to the queen on the occasion of the anniversary of her majesty's coronation day. The vase has been executed by Giuseppe Barovier, assisted by his brothers Pietro and Vittorio, and is their own gift, the work having been done in their spare time.

In paying her majesty to accept this gift of their labor, the artists desire to point out that this is the first time in history that Venetian glass has been made in England, as in the days of the Venetian republic it would have meant death to any artist who ventured to exhibit his skill in any foreign country, and in paying her majesty to accept this gift for her majesty, and in gratitude for the hospitable and kind treatment which they have received and are now receiving in England.—London Times.

## The Queen's Reign.

If her majesty lives a few months longer she will take second place for length of reign among English sovereigns. Before her only three monarchs ruled for over fifty years. Curiously enough, they were all the third of their names that had sat on the English throne. Henry III reigned between fifty-five and fifty-six years; Edward III was king for fifty years, while her majesty's grandfather, George III, was nominal ruler for fifty-nine years. Of these only the last was over age when he came to the throne, he being in his twenty-third year. Henry III was only nine and Edward III only fifteen when they entered on their respective reigns.—London Tit-Bits.

## Why Not Use Wind?

It seems singular to have the establishment of the electric light on Mount Washington delayed by the lack of power when the cheapest and freest force of nature is so plentiful there that the buildings have to be chained down. What is the matter with a wind engine?—Manchester (N. H.) Union.

## "How do I look?"

"That depends upon how you look upon how you feel. If you're suffering from functional disturbances, irregularities or weakness, you're sure to 'look ill.' And Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the remedy. It builds up the system, regulates and promotes the proper functions, and restores health and strength. It's a legitimate medicine, and a powerful vegetable, perfectly harmless, and made especially for women's needs. In the cure of all 'female complaints,' it's the only remedy to give satisfaction, or the money is refunded. No other medicine for women is sold so thick. Think of when the dealer says something else (which pays him better) is 'just as good.'"

"Times have changed!" So have methods. The modern improvements in pills are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They help Nature, instead of fighting her. Sick and nervous headache, biliousness, constipation, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured.

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This engraving resembles Miss Bertha Anderson, No. 125 Curtis street, Denver!

My food distressed me when I compelled myself to eat, and I was at times nervous and restless. I can now say, after about two months' treatment that I am happily rid of my ailments, and I am just as well now as I was sick at the time I first came to you for medical care. My friends remark my altered appearance, and sometimes ask me on the change so much for the better. I shall always bless the day that I saw your advertisement of cure made, and pleased myself by your hands for treatment by your London Hospital method. His name is in the People's Book of Health, Room 301-4, Denver, Colo.

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